

The American RECORD GUIDE

formerly The American Music Lover



Edited by

PETER HUGH REED

November, 1945 . VOL. XII, No. 3

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Editorial Notes

Reactions to Victor's new plastic disc run a wide gamut. It is far too early to bestow unqualified praise or condemnation on this new record. It has its meritorious points—a much quieter surface and clarity of reproduction. The percussive instruments in a recording of this kind, one engineer informs us, are not as good as in a shellac record. They certainly, however, reproduced with naturalness in the first plastic release. We are given to understand that Koussevitzky's performance of *Till Eulenspiegel* will be pressed on regular shellac discs around February, at which time we will be able to make some interesting comparisons between the two issues.

Most of the criticism we have seen against the plastic disc has been made by people who have never shown themselves qualified to speak authoritatively about sound reproduction. One critic contends the set forwarded to him had crackling sounds, but subsequently he heard a set in a store which was completely without surface noise. A vinyl-plastic disc frequently has some slight crackling sounds, which may or may not be due to faults in the pressing. This sound will be more noticeable where a heavy pickup is employed. Indubitably, the plastic disc is best served by a light pickup. As to the handling of this disc by various changers,

there seem to be divided opinions; apparently it does not function on all advantageously. It is far too early to predict the wearing qualities of this disc. Our experience with similar plastic records, made for broadcast purposes, has shown that when they are played with the proper needle in a light-weight pickup they wear as well as and better than shellac discs. One radio engineer of our acquaintance corroborates our findings. He states that in the radio studio, they are played with a sapphire point which is used only 150 times. Since the discs in question are 16-inch ones, with an average fifteen-minute playing time to each face, one can calculate the extent of the life of a needle point in relation to 12-inch discs. The needle, however, we are given to understand, would show wear much sooner on shellac.

After a half-dozen or more releases of recordings pressed on plastic material and corresponding ones on shellac it should be possible to make a fair and unbiased report on this type of record.

Our needle articles have stirred up considerable controversy. It has been said that the findings of Messrs. Julian and Mercer do not coincide to those of Dr. Jones. This is not quite true; fundamentally all three are in agreement. Technicians have their preferences in matters of needles and reproduc-

Published by THE AMERICAN RECORD GUIDE,
General Offices: 115 Reed Ave., Pelham, N. Y.

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* Published monthly. *The American Record Guide* sells at twenty-five cents a copy in the U.S.A. Yearly subscription \$2.50, in Canada and all foreign countries.

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Reentered as second class matter November 7, 1944, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

tion, just as musicians have their preferences in matters appertaining to music and performance. Dr. Jones gives us plain talk about thorn needles. The importance of keeping all thorn needles in a desiccator cannot be overstressed, in his estimation. Owing to the variety of groove shapes on different records, all acoustic engineers with whom we have talked regard the pickup allowing for interchangeable needles the best choice. If one takes the trouble to experiment with various points, one will find that a great deal of so-called distortion can be eliminated in many recordings.

Dr. Jones calls our attention to the fact that there is a mistake in his article; the caption in the figure should read "Radius of point in ten-thousandths of an inch", the "ten" was omitted by an oversight.

There has been a great deal of printed material on the latest methods of sound recording. Almost all the so-called digest type of magazines have published articles in which old and potential new methods have been discussed, but all the facts are not given. We read that "you can record voice, music, or any other sound for several hours with practically any one of the new devices at a cost of a few cents an hour", but the quality of the recording or the naturalness of the reproduction is not touched upon. This month we present the facts about wire recording as told to us by two leading engineers in the sound field. It is unlikely that the present record will be replaced for some time to come. Film and wire recording may be available for home recording in the near future, but there are reasons why neither would provide us with the type and quality of reproductive realism that we obtain from a commercial recording. Further facts on reproducing equipment will be published in our pages as soon as it can be assembled.

* * *

Credit was not given to Mr. Stephen Fassett for his review of Dorothy Caruso's book on her husband which appeared in our September issue, and in our preface to the first part of the Grieg article on Schumann we neglected to state that Mr. Fassett brought this to our attention. Our apologies to Mr. Fassett, who is a valued contributor and friend.

BOOK REVIEW

FELIX MENDELSSOHN LETTERS. Edited by G. Selden-Goth. 373 pp. 33 Illustrations. Pantheon Books, Inc. Price \$4.50.

▲ To travel into the past and view pleasantly a world without rocket or radio, and only a few radicals, we need only turn to this book of Mendelssohn's letters.

Mme. Selden-Goth is responsible for much welcome reading in this compilation of letters which, carefully edited, revised, and translated, makes a sizable book. The sources are not unfamiliar to the student of Mendelssohn's life and letters: Messrs. Chorley, Devrient, Eckart, Hiller and Wolff along with some fourteen others have figured in supplying material well arranged and edited in this volume. Your reviewer will not burden you with dates; suffice it to say that Mme. Selden-Goth has seen fit, and wisely, to group the letters into three sections: the first comprising those of the boy, the second of the youth, and the last of the man.

Intellectually, Mendelssohn changed but little between early teenhood and his final year (he died at 39). His compositions, both musical and literary, give complete evidence of this. The handwriting of the fourteen-year-old is precise, round penmanship which does not alter through life. The transition from boy to youth is marked by his first trip abroad, and from youth to man by the death of his father. This last period ends in a final letter to his brother dates October 25, 1847.

The editor admits to translate Mendelssohn's German prose into equally brilliant English is not simple. Sir George Grove has said: "to convey Mendelssohn's happy expressions, true and gay, but never tainted with slang, is a very difficult task." The work then of Mrs. Marion Searchinger, who undertook to revise the translations, is especially praiseworthy.

That there are no love letters recorded, and apparently none to record, is a fact symbolic of the man. Mme. Selden-Goth relates that until his meeting with and marriage

(Continued on page 63)



MAGGIE TEYTE TALKS ON MUSIC AND ON ART

In an Interview with the Editor

The return to this country in July of Maggie Teyte, the highly gifted English soprano, brought us many letters evidencing the great regard that Americans—and more especially record buyers—have for her artistry. It is a curious fact that discerning record collectors are undismayed if a favorite artist makes recordings for a foreign company, providing they can get them. Once a record collector has found satisfaction in the work of a performer, he will go out of his way to procure the better part of that performer's recordings.

Few artists have achieved and sustained the high standard of performance on records that Miss Teyte has. It is ten years since Miss Teyte made her incomparable album of Debussy songs, with Alfred Cortot at the piano (Victor set 322), and at least four or five years since she made the French songs which Victor brought out in 1942 (album 895), yet she has continued with her series of rarely sung French songs and others. And so we join in with our numerous correspondents in the hope that Victor will honor her visit—the first in far too many years—to our shores with some releases of the many fine discs she made in recent years in England.

Despite the war, and the war work in which Miss Teyte took an active part, she

has found time to do some of her best singing on records. Any misgivings her admirers may have that her voice does not retain its former appeal may be dispelled, for the latest discs we have acquired reveal her as still one of the most gifted interpreters of songs now recording. All through the war, she has travelled around Great Britain singing for the troops of England and America and other Allied groups. She sang during bombings and strafings; during hot weather and cold; sang the classics and some popular songs, even to a rendition of Porter's *Begin the Beguine*, in Spanish.

According to Miss Teyte, "Tragedy and comedy walked the streets hand in hand during the war years." With the cessation of hostilities against Germany, the British Ministry of Information permitted her present visit to this country, where she has a long series of concerts lined up. Following her engagements on the Telephone Hour, August 20 and September 17, she gave a Washington recital to a packed house at which the President was an enthusiastic member of the audience. Since then, she has sung in Philadelphia and New York to sold out houses, and also made an appearance in Toronto opening the Canadian Ninth War Loan drive.

A True French Artist

Miss Teyte is an extraordinarily talented singer of songs in a diversity of styles, but more especially of French ones. Her interpretations reveal a fine poetic insight, in which are blended rare imaginative qualities and an innate musicality which permits her to achieve widely diversified moods. Endowed with a naturally good voice which has been well trained, and which is both appealing and flexible, she does not have to trouble herself with vocal problems in performance but instead can concentrate on creating the varied moods she essays. She is a past mistress of style and a conjuror with a wealth of tonal coloring at her command. As one New York critic, Jerome D. Bohm in *The New York Herald Tribune*, remarked after her New York recital on October 31, "her cleanly attacked, firm tones and her ability to color them to suit the inflexion of each and every word of her songs was worthy of the greatest admiration."

Miss Teyte has been praised as "singing French songs better than the French do", and, according to more than one English writer, she is the only artist who has kept up interest in French songs in England. Her interest in French music dates from her student days; she began her professional singing career in Paris some thirty-nine years ago, after studying voice with Jean de Reszke for several years. This was in 1906, when she sang her first Zerlina in a performance of *Don Giovanni* at the Mozart Festival in Paris under the direction of Reynaldo Hahn.

"Actually I have been singing for fifty years," Miss Teyte says, "for I began to sing as a girl of six." She is not reluctant to admit her age, and, unlike most women who might be willing to own up to fifty-six, she goes them one better by saying, "I'm in my fifty-seventh year."

This spritely, vivacious little woman wears the mantle of her years with a grace and buoyancy which belie them. Her blue eyes are filled with the spirit of a woman half her age, and her voice—as those of us know who have heard her sing in person or on her widely cherished records—is still amazingly fresh and vibrant. When we stop and think of the war work she did we marvel at her endurance and her ability to assume such duties as she undertook. Returning from a visit to the World's Fair in 1939, she arrived in Eng-

land on the threshold of the declaration of war. Since there were ambulances to be manned, she enrolled in a mechanical school and learned all there was to know about the ambulances she was driving. Such strenuous efforts would have taken their toll of most artists, but Miss Teyte seems to have survived this manual work without ill effect. Her artistry remains unimpaired; if anything it has grown in human feeling and intellectual compulsion; it reveals a musical maturity garnered through the years of living life fully and unselfishly, and of giving unstintingly of herself in her art. For Maggie Teyte is an extraordinary woman as well as artist, she is generous and friendly, tolerant and sympathetic. Moreover, she possesses a sense of humor which is all too rare in an artist of her standing. What she has learned during the long years, she is willing to impart to others. Young people who seek her counsel are kindly treated. "I give help," she says, "where and when I can."

Maggie Teyte penetrates deeply into the spirit of each song, so deeply that one does not always realize on first acquaintance with a recording the full extent of her musical intelligence, for her artistry is subtle and intimate. She finds the essential expression requisite to each one, and her nuancing of words is often memorable: we find this specifically in her French-song renditions—especially those of Debussy—where through her ability to color a word or phrase she achieves unforgettably individual beauty of tone. Her command of true legato, a quality far too rare in present-day singers, stands her in good stead; through the years she has never lost this gift, and listening to the enduring beauty of her voice one finds it hard to believe that she has been singing since 1907.

Her Operatic Performances

In opera, Miss Teyte in former days was justly acclaimed for her artistic portrayals. One recalls her sympathetic performance of Mme. Butterfly around the beginning of World War I with Hinshaw's American Opera Company. It is known that Gatti-Casazza left his office at the Metropolitan to attend her portrayals of Butterfly and Mimi, a quite unheard-of procedure for him. The road from opera to song recital is not one easily traversed; the theatre's demands are quite different and it is difficult for an artist

to make adjustments necessary for the more intimate style. The journey from opera house to concert hall was not, however, difficult for Miss Teyte, for she had begun her renditions of songs at the dawn of her career in Paris. In musical soirées and concert halls in those early days she sang the songs of Hahn, Debussy, Fauré and others, often with the composer at the piano. Her wide experience in both the concert hall and the opera house has indubitably developed her artistry.

Experience and Art

"Experience teaches us that art is a combination of many things," she says, "to be controlled, however, by the intellect. This is not to say that emotion is denied but rather that one should be aware of one's emotional purpose; one harbors emotion to project it at the right moment. An artist who is all emotion is a spendthrift, one who frequently finds she has given so much before that she has nothing left to give at a crucial moment."

Although Miss Teyte tells us that experience develops an artist, one realizes that she has long been an efficient performer. Her musical background reveals that she was extraordinarily gifted at an early age. Her unrivalled success in the role of *Mélisande* at twenty proves how firm was the foundation on which she built.

"At eight," she says, "I had already memorized twelve or fourteen songs. There were musicians in my family, from whom I undoubtedly inherited my gifts. My father was a particularly gifted amateur pianist and a sister of my mother's possessed a fine enough voice for Charles Santley, the noted English baritone of his day, to invite her to make a world tour with him, an honor she, however, declined. I began my musical studies around eleven, after moving with my family from Wolverhampton, where I was born, to London. I took piano lessons at the Royal College of Music. I made my public debut as a singer at the age of twelve in a church concert. A year later, through the insistence of a brother of Paul Reubens, the operetta composer, I sailed for France to audition for Jean de Reszke and receive my first proper vocal training." De Reszke predicted she would be on the operatic stage in three years, and his prediction proved right. As a matter of fact, it was two years and three months later that she sang her first

performance of *Zerlina* in the company of Lilli Lehmann, Edouard de Reszke, and Mario Ancona.

While studying with Jean de Reszke, Miss Teyte coached with Reynaldo Hahn, of whom she speaks in glowing and affectionate tones.

"Hahn was a great exponent of Mozart, and in my studies of the Mozart roles with him lies the foundation of my musicality. His insight into the music of Mozart was unrivalled. De Reszke admired his musicianship tremendously, he was a *bon ami de maison* of the de Reszkes. Hahn himself was an exceptionally gifted composer, but his songs are best suited to salon singing, for they have intimacy and charm; in that respect they are like those works of Mozart that were written for court functions and intimate surroundings. We are not familiar today with the musical soirées which formerly abounded in all the large cities of the world. In the days when Hahn wrote his best songs musical soirées were very popular in Paris, and people enjoyed the intimacy and delight of such surroundings. I always say that singing songs for a small audience is to be preferred; one establishes a closer contact with one's listeners."

Debussy and Miss Teyte

Miss Teyte has long been regarded as one of the foremost living interpreters of the music of Debussy. After becoming a member of the Opéra-Comique in Paris in 1906, she began to study the role of *Mélisande* with Debussy. After Mary Garden's departure from Paris in 1906, the opera *Pelléas and Mélisande* was dropped from the roster. But in June 1908, Debussy decided Maggie Teyte was ready to assume the role of *Mélisande* and accordingly she sang the part. Her success was instantaneous, with the result that the opera was given a record number of times that season—seventeen performances. Her *Mélisande* has become legendary, and those who have known her in the opera house unequivocally acclaim her portrayal of the Maeterlinck-Debussy heroine as her greatest achievement there. She ranks as one of the two most famous *Mélisandes* who have to date essayed the role, and considering that she is still a singer to be reckoned with it is to be hoped that she will be given an opportunity to sing the part in this country. Perhaps she might be accorded

the rare privilege of preserving for posterity her Mélisande in a recording.

Miss Teyte studied the songs of Debussy with the composer, who she says was an exacting task-master. "His was an elemental spirit," she says, "and he played the piano in a forceful manner, yet with amazing subtlety. What an eye for design he had. He was, in my estimation, the designer of the most beautiful modern dresses, with a fine sense for the exotic. He put the most persuasively beautiful clothes on the poems he set to music. Take *Des Fleurs* from *Prose lyriques*, for which Debussy wrote the text; it is a song that wears a musical dress which is sinuous and snakelike. If a modern dress designer were to evoke a similar creation it would be the costume of an exotic woman of great magnetism and beauty—perhaps the Cleopatra type. Take the group of songs Debussy called *Ariettes oubliées*; what a variety of changing dress we find here and how appropriate they all are—could anything be more Debussyan in harmony and emotion than *L'Ombre des arbes*? And does not the elemental in Debussy stand revealed in *C'est l'extase langoureuse*?

"The *Ariettes oubliées* and the *Chansons de Bilitis* are my particular favorites of Debussy's songs; they are to the singer who feels them perfect musical experiences, gratifying to convey to others. *Le Faune* from *Fêtes galantes* is another favorite, it is so beautifully described in the piano. But the *Chansons de Bilitis* are so much of the true Debussy—Debussy the primitive, the Sybarite—yet one who in his voluptuousness knew the art of concealment—that I almost reluctantly mention any others before them. No singer who feels these songs needs any writer on Debussy to tell her that they are perfection in musical design for the poems; she instinctively feels and knows this.

"Fauré, who fascinates me no end, is quite different from Debussy. He appeals to me through a sense of surprise; one always expects him to end quite differently. One is tempted to say there is something cold and austere about Fauré, but that is not quite fair, for Fauré speaks from the heart—only perhaps he lets his intellect control his emotions. He is less earthy than Debussy, more mental. In relation to the poem, his musical notation shows discrimination, a tempering of emotion with the intellect. Verlaine and

Debussy blend like perfect glove on the hand; Fauré and Verlaine are like the heat and the cold, never quite fusing—and yet the elegance and grace of Fauré's art cannot be dismissed, it has an intellectual appeal. My favorite song of his is *Clair de lune*; here his emotional reticence is beautifully calculated. His discretion in not permitting his emotions to run away with him is exemplified in his setting of Verlaine's *D'un Prison*. How strongly he gives us the feeling of the prisoner trying to get out. Hahn has also made a lovely setting of this poem, a setting, however, which suggests resignation. The Fauré song is one that can be successfully sung in the concert hall; the Hahn should be reserved for an intimate gathering in a salon.

"Speaking of Hahn, I have never grown tired of his exquisite settings of Verlaine's *L'Heure exquise* and *Offrande*. Although I have not recorded all my favorite songs of either Fauré or Hahn, I have tried to bring to my gramophone audience an idea of my appreciation of both these composers. That charming Hahn song *Mai* should not be neglected; someday I hope to put it on a record. But if I start naming all the songs I would like to record, I am afraid I would go on and on endlessly. It is my cherished wish to do, with a chamber orchestra, some of the chansons and ariettes of the 18th century, which are sadly neglected today; plans for this were once made in England but the conductor, Leslie Heward, with whom I was musically *en rapport* unfortunately passed away. Perhaps some day I shall be able to record the role of Mélisande; that is another cherished wish. But the cherished wishes of an artist are not always feasible; the many practical elements in the art world sometimes intervene. Our admirers would do well to remember that, and yet without our admirers I wonder sometimes how far we artists would get."

Miss Teyte's Recordings

- BIZET: *Chanson d'Avril*; and CHAUSSON: *Le Colibri*. H.M.V. disc DA-1833.
BIZET: *Pastorale*; and GODARD: *Chanson d'Estelle*. H.M.V. disc DA-1840.
BERLIOZ: *L'Absence* and *Le Spectre de la Rose*; DUPARC: *Phidylé* and *L'Invitation au Voyage*; DEBUSSY: *Le Jet d'eau*,

De Rêve, De Fleurs, and De Soir. With the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Leslie Heward, in the Berlioz and Duparc, and with Gerald Moore at the piano, in the Debussy. Privately printed H.M.V. Release, available through the Gramophone Shop in this country.

CHAUSSON: *Chanson perpetuelle*; with Blech String Quartet and Gerald Moore. H.M.V. disc DB-6159.

DEBUSSY: *En sourdine; Clair de lune; Fantoches; Les Ingénus; Le Faune; Colloque sentimental; Le Promenoir de deux amants—Après de cette grotte sombre, Crois mon conseil, Je tremble en voyant ton visage; Ballade de Femmes de Paris; Chansons de Bilitis; and De Grève.* With Alfred Cortot. Victor set 322.

DEBUSSY: *Beau soir and Romance.* H.M.V. disc DA-1838.

DUPARC: *Extase, and SZULC: Clair de lune.* H.M.V. disc DB-5937.

ELGAR: *Pleading, and QUILTER: Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal.* H.M.V. disc DA-1807.

FAURÉ: *Soir and Les Roses d'Ispahan.* H.M.V. disc DA-1819.

FAURÉ: *Lydia and Nell.* H.M.V. disc DA-1831.

FAURÉ: *Ici-bas, and HAHN: En sourdine.* H.M.V. disc DA-1830.

FAURÉ: *Dans les ruines d'une Abbaye, and MARTINI: Plaisir d'amour.* H.M.V. disc DA-1810.

FONTENAILLES: *Obstination, and MASS-ENET: Elégie* (cello obbligato by James Whitehead). H.M.V. disc DA-1847.

HAHN: *Si mes vers avaient des ailes, Of- frande and L'heure exquise; FAURÉ: Après un rêve; PALADILHE: Psyché; and DU- PARC: Chanson triste.* Victor set 895.

MESSAGER: *Véronique—Petite Dinde, ah quel outrage, and Ma foi pour venir de Provence; and OFFENBACH: La Péri- chole—Tu n'est pas beau* (with orchestra). Decca D-29008.

PURCELL: *King Arthur—Fairest Isle of all Isles Excelling, and The Libertine— Nymphs and Shepherds.* H.M.V. disc DA-1790.

TRADITIONAL: *Comin' Thro' the Rye, and Oft in the Stilly Night.* H.M.V. disc DA-1804.

All recordings, unless otherwise marked, are with accompaniment by the gifted English pianist Gerald Moore.

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 58)

to Cecile Jeanrenaud, his life was one of devotion only to his parents. Letters to his beloved wife were withheld by the Mendelssohn family for personal reasons, and placed eventually with the Berliner Staatsbibliothek by a nephew of the composer. The cold fact that Mendelssohn was of Jewish extraction, and his music forbidden under the Nazi rule, makes it evident that the fate of these treasures is not known at present. We trust that they have escaped destruction and may someday form another collection, to be placed alongside this book. —Benjamin West

ON THINGS TO COME

(Continued from page 72)

largely replicas of those produced before production was discontinued because of the war. We understand that a new crystal has been developed that withstands high temperatures and is, therefore, available for use in closed cabinets, where the temperature rises and where heretofore reproduction with crystal pickups was somewhat erratic. However, the ordinary equipment does not require crystals that are resistant to such high temperatures and this advance in this field may not be significant to owners of home recording equipment.

The crystal pickup was quite highly developed shortly before the war, particularly in the more expensive models. Perhaps one should feel satisfied to have these back, especially for replacement in cases where deterioration has set in during the last four years and where the quality of reproduction has suffered.

Improvements in magnetic materials and the availability of light-weight magnesium alloys at a reasonable price may result in some re-designing and improvement of magnetic pickups. We plan to keep our readers advised of these as information becomes available.



ROBERT SCHUMANN

EDVARD GRIEG

PART II

A survey of Schumann's art will disclose the fact that, having emerged from his youth and early manhood, he was no longer able, as it were, to think his own thoughts with full consistency to the end. He was afraid of himself. It was as if he did not dare acknowledge the results of the enthusiasm of his youth. Thus it happened that he frequently sought shelter in the world of Mendelssohn's ideas. From the moment he did this he passed his zenith; his soul was sick; he was doomed long before the visible symptoms of insanity set in. It is therefore a futile labor to seek the real Schumann in his latest works, as one may do in the case of Beethoven and Wagner. This is more obvious if we examine his latest choral compositions. But before doing this, we have happily the satisfaction of registering as masterpieces of imperishable worth a series of orchestral compositions, and foremost among these his four symphonies. Who has not been carried away by the youthful freshness of the *Symphony in B*

flat major; by the grand form and impulse of the *C major Symphony*, and its wonderful adagio with the heaven-scaling altitudes of the violins; by the *E. flat major Symphony*, with its mystical medieval E flat minor movement (Schumann is said to have imagined here a procession entering Cologne Cathedral); and finally, who has not marveled at the conception of the *D minor Symphony*, with its tragic exaltation and magnificent unity! Truly, the proud, victorious bugle-blasts which open the first symphony—instinct with a noble self-esteem—are fully justified. About this opening we have, however, an interesting tradition, that it was originally written a third lower. But during the first rehearsal it was demonstrated that the old-fashioned instruments then exclusively used could not produce the stopped notes of C and D, originally intended as A and B. The practical Mendelssohn was promptly at hand with the suggestion to place this motif a third higher, as we now have it. In this way it came to consist of natural notes only which could be rendered with all desirable

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éclat. If Schumann had written his work now, when these old-fashioned instruments have been abandoned, and improved instruments with valves, etc., have taken their places, he would have retained the motif in the tone compass in which it was first conceived, and where, according to the opening of his allegro, it properly belongs. If I were to lead the *B flat major Symphony* at this time, I should not hesitate to change the passage, and carry out Schumann's original intention.

It is this *B flat major Symphony* which the above-mentioned lampooner in the *Bayreuther Blaetter* chooses as a target for his most poisonous arrows. Through a long series of musical citations the attempt is made to prove that this work (like all the other orchestral compositions of the master) is made up of an almost uninterrupted succession of what he calls "shoemaker's patches". By this expression he means to indicate "repetitions of musical phrases in related tone intervals, which pupils in composition are especially wont to toil over in their first labors." Now, however, in the year 1893, every musician who is not too much of a Philistine will maintain it as an incontestable truth that the means by which a musical effect is produced are of minor consequence compared to the effect itself; and it is a matter of no moment to us if a pupil by "repetition in tone intervals" attains only "the deadliest monotony", when Schumann, by dint of his peculiar application of these "shoemaker's patches", woven together by the force of his genius, contrives to enchain and enrapture us. Schumann's repetitions always sustain the flight of his thought; and where he does not reach his own proper level, it is not the fault of a repetition, but it is because his inspiration is running low. These repetitions, so frequently assailed, occur, however, with all the great masters from Bach to Wagner himself. A repetition, applied with intelligence, has the same object in music as in language, viz., to produce an impressive, stimulating effect. It will not do, then, to stamp every repetition in related tone intervals as a "shoemaker's patch".

A Memorable Performance

Before taking leave of the *B flat major Symphony*, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of recalling the performance of this work in

the Leipzig Gewandhaus immediately after the appearance of the ominous Bayreuth article. The air of the hall was as if charged with electricity. The work was listened to with strained attention and breathless silence, and as the last chord died away there broke forth a storm of applause more vehement and continued than ever before had greeted an orchestral composition in the Gewandhaus. It was indeed Leipzig protesting as one man against a biased partisan attack upon the work and its master, whom the nation loved, in spite of all hair-splitting charges of "shoemaker's patches".

A peculiar place among Schumann's productions is occupied by his famous piano concerto. Inspired as it was from beginning to end, it stands without parallel in musical literature, and arouses our wonder no less by its originality than by its noble avoidance of a "mere Objective virtuoso style". It is beloved by all, played by many, well played by few, and ideally comprehended by still fewer—nay, perhaps only by a single one, his wife.

A Fine Choral Work

In the series of his choral works, *Paradise and the Peri* stands out in luminous relief, with its enchanting fancies and its Oriental coloring. Whether Schumann constructs greater or smaller forms, everything bears here the stamp of genius. The broadly arranged final chorus is above all praise. Here Schumann is, in truth, architect in a grand style. The second part is likewise dazzling. Only consider the passage where the plague is depicted! It is as if these chords exhaled poisonous fumes. The third part is also rich in beauty; but it appears to me that there is a lack of a breadth of conception which is necessary to conclude so great a work. What a pity that his treatment of the text in this part necessitates a cutting up in small forms which, according to my experience, at last run the risk of being tiresome. Nevertheless, I have never, during the performances in my country, been able to make up my mind to omit a single bar; for every page is teeming with evidences of genius which we cannot afford to dispense with. Taking everything into consideration, I am of the opinion that *Paradise and the Peri* is the one of Schumann's choral compositions in which he reached his high-water mark.

From old residents of Leipsiz I have heard the account of the first performance of this masterpiece at the Gewandhaus in the year 1845, with Schumann as conductor. The part of the *Peri* was sung by Frau Livia Frege, who enjoyed an equal reputation in the Leipsig of that day for her beauty, her affability, and her glorious voice. Immediately after having put down the baton, Schumann, who was notoriously a man of few words, rushed up to Frau Frege, and with an ungentele gesture tore some flowers out of her hair, mumbling dryly, "I should like one of these". That was his way of thanking.

Both Mendelssohn and Schumann were great admirers of Frau Frege. Some years ago I met both her (she was then a stately and handsome old lady) and her husband, and could not forego the opportunity to subject the latter to an inquiry regarding the personal relations of Schumann and Mendelssohn. But if I had suddenly stabbed the old gentleman, it could not have affected him more unpleasantly. He abruptly broke off the conversation, and left me. There was no doubt that I had unwittingly touched upon a theme which was not agreeable to him, but into which, nevertheless, from an artistic point of view, it was of importance to gain an insight. As both Herr and Frau Frege, in whose hospitable house all artistic Leipsig of that day held rendezvous, are now dead, and all the friends of Schumann's youth have also departed, there is little prospect of ever clearing up the dusk of this interesting interior.

Much is being whispered in corners about the attitude of Schumann and Mendelssohn toward each other. One thing is, however, likely to impress the unprejudiced observer as being curious; viz., that Schumann's writings furnish numerous and striking evidences of his boundless admiration for Mendelssohn, while the latter in his many letters does not once mention Schumann or his art.* This cannot be due to accident. Whether

*In the recent book of Mendelssohn's *Letters*, published by Pantheon, there is a tributary letter on Schumann written to the publisher Edward Buxton in London in January 1844 praising the choral composition *Paradise and the Peri* very highly. Mendelssohn states that he has read and heard this composition "with the greatest pleasure", and that he regards it as "a very impressive and noble work, full of many eminent beauties". Its poetic expression "ranks very high", and he contends that the choral passages are "as effectively and as well written as the solo parts are melodious and winning". This is the only praise of Schumann we have seen in print from Mendelssohn.—Ed.

Mendelssohn was really silent, or whether the editor of his letters, out of regard for his memory, has chosen to admit all reference to Schumann, is of slight consequence. This, however, is beyond dispute: his silence speaks, and we of posterity have the right to draw our inferences from his silence. We arrive at the conclusion that here we have the clue to a judgment of the opinions which the two masters entertained of each other. Of petty envy on Mendelssohn's part there can be no suspicion. He was of too pure and noble a character to be animated by such sentiment; and, moreover, his fame was too great and too well established in comparison with Schumann's. But his horizon was too contracted to enable him to see Schumann as the man he was. How perfectly comprehensible! He had his forte in clear delineation, in classical harmony; and where Schumann fell short of his requirements in this respect, his honesty forbade him to feign a recognition which he could not candidly grant.

A Friendly Home

Another musical and warm-hearted family in whose house Schumann was a constant guest during his residence in Leipsig was that of Herr Voigt, to whose wife, Henrietta Voigt, his intimate friend, Schumann dedicated his beautiful *G minor* piano sonata. The silent Schumann loved this peaceful home. It is told that he was in the habit of daily entering the drawingroom unannounced, giving a friendly nod to the "lady of the house", walking the length of the room, and departing by the opposite door, without having uttered a single word. All he wanted was to see her.

But to return to the choral works. Besides *Paradise and the Peri*, his music to Byron's *Manfred* must be reckoned among his most glorious compositions, in spite of the fact that it belongs to his last period. The overture is a tragic masterpiece cast whole in a mold. His music to Goethe's *Faust* also contains many a stroke of purest imagination; but as a whole, it is unequal, and can scarcely, in the same sense as the preceding ones, be characterized as a monumental work.

If we now turn to his later choral compositions,—*Der Koenigssohn*, *Der Saengers Fluch*, *Vom Pagen und der Koenigstochter*, *Das Glueck*

von Edenhall, *Neujahrslied*, *Requiem*,—we must admit that it is easy for those who wish to make an end of Schumann to find points of attack; for these productions indicate, almost uniformly, soaring will and failing power. His self-criticism is lax, and the greater part of this work is unclear in color as in drawing.

Here we have melancholy evidence that the master's strength was forever broken. It would be far better to pay no attention to these and similar productions of his later years bearing the mark of his decadence. But as regards the derogatory judgment of Schumann which has of late become the fashion in certain influential cliques, I must be permitted to ask: Why should not he, like other creative spirits, have the right to be judged by the best that he has done? Homer, as we all know, will nod. And I should fancy that no one need search long in Schumann's production before finding its core. Although his later activity resulted in such glorious things as *Manfred*, the violin sonatas, the *Symphony in E flat major*, etc., it is easy, if one prefers, to leave this entire period out of account, and to judge Schumann by his works numbered Opus 1 to Opus 50. I should think that there was to be found among these a sufficient treasury of priceless jewels to entitle Schumann to a seat among the immortals of music. If we are to judge Mozart by his "Concert Arias"; Beethoven by his *Prometheus*, *Christ on the Mount of Olives*, and the *Triple Concerto for Piano, Violin, and Cello*; Mendelssohn by his *Antigone*, *Ruy Blas*, *Lobgesang*, and the *Reformation Symphony*; Schubert by his dramatic attempts; Wagner by *Rienzi*—in short, if we are to hunt high and low for the weak moments of strong souls—then, considering the imperfection of everything human, we shall find no lack of material for a very unprofitable labor. But such a search would not be in the interest of justice. Happily, in art, as in life, it is the good that is cherished; mistakes are consigned to oblivion, especially when, as in the case of Schumann, the good so largely predominates.

The Late Sonatas

A beautiful conclusion of Schumann's chamber-music is his two sonatas for violin, particularly the first in *A minor*, *Opus 105*; and in this the first movement especially has

always appeared to me highly significant. Every time I read or play them, I hear in these tones the master's foreboding lament of the heavy fate which was soon to overtake him. The first marvelously singing motive of the violin is instinct with an overpowering melancholy, and the surprising return of the first motif in the last movement shows what importance Schumann attached to it. It is the worm gnawing at his mind, which lifts its head afresh in the midst of the passionate toil of the fancy to banish it. In enchanting contrast to all this gloomy soul struggle are the suddenly emerging, bright, sweet, appealing—nay, entreating—melodies. Is it not as if one heard the cry, "Let this cup pass from me?" But in the council of fate the terrible thing has been decreed, and the work closes in manly, noble resignation, without a sign of the uncleanness and groping occurring in much of Schumann's production belonging to this period upon which I have commented.

His Slow Recognition

I have also referred to the slowness with which Schumann's popularity spread during his lifetime. This is the more remarkable because of the many advantages which he enjoyed. He lived in the very center of the musical world; occupied important positions, being at one time a teacher in the Leipsig Conservatory; and was married to one of the most soulful and famous pianists of his day. With his wife he even made musical tours, from which he brought home with him many evidences of his unpopularity. Thus in the year 1843 he accompanied his wife to Russia, where in many of the principle cities she was received with great enthusiasm, and where also she endeavored to introduce the works of her husband. Let it not be forgotten that in 1843 Schumann had already written and published much of his most beautiful chamber-music,—piano works, songs,—and even his *Symphony in B flat major*. Nevertheless, it is said that at a court soirée where Clara was greatly fêted, one of the most exalted personages addressed him in this wise, "Well, Mr. Schumann, are you, too, musical?" The story bears the stamp of truth. What artist is there who could not relate similar incidents? The reigning princes and their hangers-on seem to possess a peculiar aptitude for uttering stu-

pidities when they have the misfortune to stray within the pale of art. But what happened to Schumann is a signal instance of what can be achieved in this direction by those who represent the claim "We alone know."

That after such an experience Schumann could dedicate his *C major Symphony* to a prince—though this time really a musical one, viz., Oscar I of Norway and Sweden—is an evidence that he had not achieved his emancipation from the naive notion of an earlier time, that the king is the best guardian of art. In spite of the abnormal relation of King Louis of Bavaria to Richard Wagner, our age is happily on the point of outgrowing this great misconception.

The chief impediment to Schumann's popularity was his total lack of the faculty of direct communication which is absolutely indispensable to the making of a good conductor or a beloved teacher. I fancy, however, that he was himself very little troubled about this. In fact, he was too much of a dreamer. Proofs are not wanting that he actually took pride in his unpopularity. Thus, in a letter to his mother he writes, "I should not even wish to be understood by all." He need give himself no anxiety on that score. He is too profound, too subjective, too introspective, to appeal to the multitude.

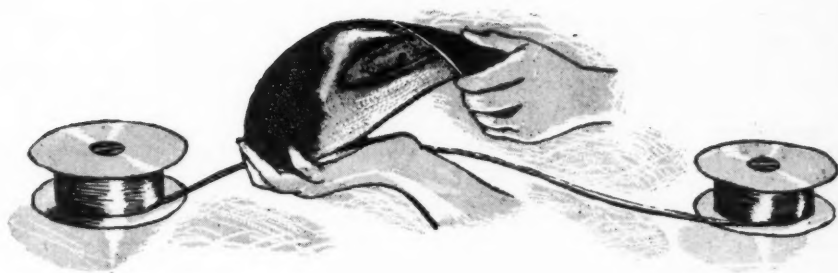
The Opera "Genoveva"

I cannot take leave of Schumann's larger labors without pausing for a moment at the opera *Genoveva*, a work which has rightly been named his "child of sorrows." He expended upon it much of his best power, and it prepared for him the bitterest disappointments. So many pens have been set in motion against this composition, especially by Wagnerians, that it seems almost foolhardy to lift up one's voice in its defense. Nevertheless, I must maintain as my unalterable opinion that Schumann's music cannot be briefly dismissed as undramatic; there are so many passages in the opera which furnish incontestible proof that Schumann was not

without dramatic talent—but wanting, indeed, in knowledge of the requirements of the drama. The most excellent dramatically inspired things stand side by side without transitions, demanding frequently only a few bars to bring them into harmonious relations. On the other hand, there seems occasionally to be a little too much transition. The external apparatus is not always practically applied. The rare skill of Wagner on this point furnishes a striking contrast. But, as I have said, the dramatic flight is often enough present; and I am convinced that the day will come when a performance, by skilled and affectionate hands, will yield at least a portion of that which the master, in certain passages, has hinted and indicated, but which he had not sufficient technic to express with clearness and force. If Schumann in his youth had had experience as leader of the orchestra in the theatre, we should probably have lived to see him admired even as a dramatist. The great public will not put up with mere dramatic spirit, if this spirit is not incorporated in a dramatic body. It demands, as it were, the spirit plainly presented upon a tray. And this is exactly what Schumann could not do—or perhaps would not do, if this conclusion may be inferred upon his own words: "German composers usually suffer shipwreck in wishing to please the public. But only let somebody offer, for once, something individual, deep, and German, and he will see if he does not achieve something more." No one will deny that Schumann's reasoning is here esthetically correct; but being what he was, he could have acted more prudently, at all events, in not running counter to the legitimate demand of the public for clear dramatic characterization. To descend to the level of a foolish public would to him have been an impossibility; while, on the other hand, a stricter regard for the requirements of the drama, a greater accuracy and sobriety in scenic calculations, unquestionably would have enabled him to compass far greater achievements.

(To be continued)





ON THINGS TO COME

The appearance last month of the new Victor plastic record (of which we spoke at some length in our editorial in the September issue) may lead to the conclusion that many radical new improvements in the sound reproduction field are in the immediate offing. We do not believe this is so. The new record was developed before the war, but the high cost of the material was one of the factors that kept it off the market. This plastic material was used to make records for the services and the experience gained in using these plastics, at Government expense can now be employed to the public advantage.

For the most part the recording and equipment companies were up to their ears in war work and did not have the time or personnel to do research or development for post war markets. There were some things which were developed to a commercial stage in connection with the war, such as the new record, that could be immediately turned over to the public benefit when the war needs were over. The number of such things, however, is believed to be relatively small in the recording field.

The new record is not likely to replace shellac in the absence of other new developments or changes in raw material costs. The raw material used in these records is much more expensive than shellac and the records cannot be produced as fast. We are informed

that only about one third as many plastic records can be turned out by a man operating a record press, as compared with operations using shellac. This decrease in output with the same equipment and labor, coupled with the increased cost of the plastic raw material, necessarily means an increased price. Whether the public will find the increased cost justified remains to be seen.

Speaking of war developments that might accrue to public benefit, a word might be said about the so-called wire recorders. These were invented in the last century by Paulsen. They were developed for the Army in connection with the B-29 plane program because there was need for a recorder in planes that would work in any position. Certain companies had considerable Government money with which to experiment in perfecting these recorders and playback units.

The wire required must meet very exacting specifications. It must comprise iron in order to be magnetic and yet it must not rust, or noise will be introduced. Perfection of a rust-proof or stainless steel wire which had all of the necessary magnetic properties was not simple. The figure at which such a wire might retail has been estimated by one source as about \$16.00 an hour of playing time for the wire alone. This is about the equivalent of seven 12-inch records in playing time and is, therefore, about as expensive

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ZINKA MILANOV, Soprano; MARGARET HARSHAW, Contralto; Victor Orchestra, Frieder Weissmann, Conductor: *Mira, O Norma!* (Norma)—Bellini. Record 11-8924, \$1.00.

ZINKA MILANOV, Soprano; Victor Orchestra, Frieder Weissmann, Conductor: *Pace, pace, mio Dio* (Peace, Peace, Oh My Lord) (La Forza del Destino)—Verdi; *Voi lo sapete* (Now You Shall Know) (Cavalleria Rusticana)—Mascagni. Record 11-8927, \$1.00.

ZINKA MILANOV, Soprano; JAN PEERCE, Tenor; Victor Chorus and Orchestra, Frieder Weissmann, Conductor: *Miserere* (Il Trovatore); KERSTIN THORBORG, Mezzo-soprano; JAN PEERCE, Tenor; Victor Orchestra, Sylvan Levin, Conductor: *Ai nostri monti* (Il Trovatore)—Verdi. Record 11-8782, \$1.00.

JAN PEERCE, Tenor; Victor Orchestra, Sylvan Levin, Conductor: *Parmi veder le lagrime* (Art Thou Weeping?) (Rigoletto); *De' miei bollenti spiriti* (Far From the World of Fashion) (La Traviata)—Verdi. Record 11-8926, \$1.00.

BLANCHE THEBOM, Mezzo-soprano; Victor Orchestra, Frieder Weissmann, Conductor: *So ist es denn aus mit den Ewigen* (The End of the Reign of the Gods) (Die Walküre); *Einsam wachend in der Nacht* (Lonely Watch I Here Tonight) (Tristan und Isolde)—Wagner. Record 11-8928, \$1.00. All prices are suggested list prices exclusive of taxes.

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RCA VICTOR RED SEAL RECORDS 

as the new Victor records, or double the cost of shellac records. There are certain new developments in connection with wire that might cut this figure to half, but they would not be available at the earliest for six months, and their appearance at all probably depends upon the public reaction to this type of recorder.

The process has many attractive possibilities. All one would need would be a good post-war F.M. high fidelity, staticless receiver and a high fidelity wire recorder. Any program could be taken off the air on wire and replayed as a record. The recording can be erased and the wire reused if one gets tired of anything he has taken down. With a simple butt welder it would be possible to piece the wire together or edit it, cutting out the pauses between movements of a symphony that occur in the concert hall, or patching together parts of various broadcast performances in much the same way that motion picture film is edited.

While such a procedure sounds simple and ideal, it is not without some difficulties. The wire must move fairly fast. The peripheral speed of a 12-inch record running at 78 r.p.m. is about five feet per second. For good high fidelity it is likely that the wire would have to move at about this speed. Thus an hour's playing at five feet per second would require a reel of about three and a half miles of wire. The weight of the wire would not be very much less than that of an album of records and while it might take up somewhat less space it nevertheless would not eliminate all storage space problems. Initial commercial equipment may utilize a slower speed, but it is doubtful if such equipment would record or play much beyond 4,000 c.p.s., which is only about half the frequency range found in most modern records.

The wire recording has been hailed as the great eliminator of scratch. This too remains to be seen in a high fidelity unit unless the wire speed is increased to an impractically high rate. In the laboratory we understand that it has been possible to obtain a signal-to-noise ratio of 55 db. with wire. This compares with 28 to 35 db. on commercial shellac records and somewhat better on transcription records. However, whether the laboratory standards can be maintained when the product comes out of the laboratory for commercial operation likewise remains to be seen.

The crystal structure in the wire may introduce noise in the same way that the silver grains do in sound recorded on film and in the same way that mineral fillers do in shellac records.

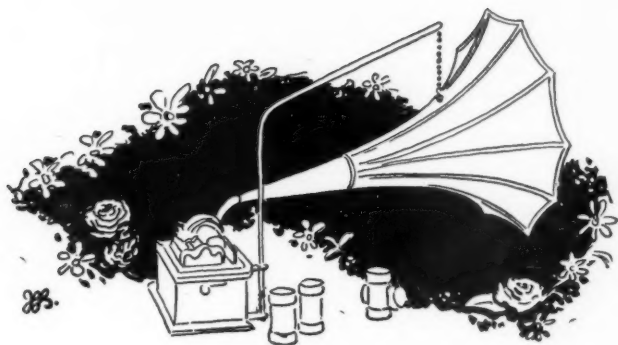
There has been much ado about wire recording, but according to our information there is not a set ready for commercial manufacture or sale at this time. In fact, one of the companies that has been doing the most advertising recently, we are told, did not even have a demonstrator model finished at the time. Some companies are tooling up and may put out such a recorder in the next three or four months.

When the so-called wire recording reaches the market it may arrive in the form of paper or cellophane strips containing a magnetic coating. This would be much cheaper than any form of wire. This form had been experimented with and commercialized in England and Germany before the war but had not been placed on the market here. The paper or cellophane may be about 8 mm. wide and would be on spools that would run for about 15 minutes. There would be two tracks, one played forward and the other backward to avoid re-winding. This would take a single movement of most symphonies. These models, however, are not likely to be high fidelity units and it seems reasonable to expect that someone wanting a good high fidelity unit, 7,500 or 10,000 c.p.s. or above, may have to wait the best part of a year before it is available at anything less than custom built prices.

On Crystal Pickups

We are informed by one of the leading manufacturers of crystal pickups that 98.6% of all phonographs in use at this time are equipped with a crystal pickup. This figure seems rather high and perhaps should be viewed in the light of its source. Manufacturers and proponents of magnetic pickups may have other statistics. In any event there is no doubt that crystal pickups are greatly in the majority and this accounts for such trends in recording as are described in Mr. Mercer's article in the June issue. As far as we can find out there are no new radical changes to be expected in crystal pickups. Just as in the case of the automobile industry, the first new pickups are likely to be

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COLLECTOR' ITEMS

By Stephen Fasset

MEYERBEER: *Der Prophet*—*Ach, mein Sohn*, and **SCHUMANN:** *Fruelingsnacht*; sung by Marianne Brandt. IRCC 10-inch disc No. 225, price \$2.50.

▲ Marianne Brandt, one of the greatest singers of her time, was born on September 12, 1842, in Vienna, where she died on July 9, 1921. Since the existence of Brandt recordings has remained almost unknown until now, the announcement that her voice has become available on records, fifty-five years after her retirement from the operatic stage, is exciting news.

Brandt's voice was a contralto of such high range that she was able to sing certain soprano roles without difficulty. She was a pupil of Frau Marschner at the Vienna Conservatory and of the celebrated Viardot-Garcia in Paris. She made her debut at Graz in 1867 and the next year sang in Berlin. London first heard her in 1872 but it was not until her return there, ten years later, when she sang Brangaene and Leonore, that her greatness was recognized by the English. In 1882, she sang at Bayreuth for the first time, as Kundry in the second performance of *Parsifal*. Perhaps nowhere else, however, was she as popular as she was in the United States, where she made her debut at the Metropolitan as Leonore in *Fidelio*

on November 19, 1884. During her four seasons with the Metropolitan she took part in many performances which introduced the great Wagnerian music dramas to American audiences, and when, on March 4, 1886, *Parsifal* was given for the first time here (in oratorio form), Brandt was the Kundry. She was also the first Fricka, Magdalene, Brangaene and Erda (*Siegfried*) to be heard in America. Other of her roles were Fides in *Der Prophet*, Amneris in *Aida*, and Eglantine in *Euryanthe*. In 1890 she retired from the stage and thenceforth devoted herself to teaching.

The records under review were originally Pathé cylinders made in Vienna on December 11, 1905, and only recently re-recorded on discs for the convenience of modern collectors. Although the dubbing process has been accomplished skillfully, the reproductions are somewhat crude and the ratio of surface noise high. Nevertheless, the voice is effectively heard much of the time, particularly in the Schumann song, which is sung with a passionate intensity remarkable in a woman of Brandt's age.

Her performance of the Meyerbeer aria has great historical importance because Brandt, a magnificent Fides, was coached by Mme. Pauline Viardot-Garcia, who created the role at the Paris Opera in 1849.


Brandt's interpretation is a compelling one, sung in the grand manner. If proper allowance be made for mechanical imperfections in the reproduction of her voice and surface noise, it is hard to believe that the singer was sixty-three years old at the time of recording. But what wouldn't one give to have heard her sing *Ach, mein Sohn* in actual performance, even as late as 1905, free from time limitations and other annoyances unavoidable when making records forty years ago! The true enthusiast, however, will be nonetheless grateful to Mr. E. C. Winer, who loaned the original cylinders to IRCC for this re-issue which, though not for the casual listener, has more than mere historical interest to recommend it.

WAGNER: *Lohengrin*—*Mein lieber Schwann*; and *Die Meistersinger*—*Preislied*; sung by Heinrich Hensel. IRCC 10-inch disc No. 227, price \$1.75.

▲ IRCC is to be applauded for issuing records of Heinrich Hensel, a highly praised tenor

whose singing is known to but few American collectors. As reproduced here, via expert re-recordings from original Odeons of about 1912, his voice is an unusual one, with the high, ringing tones of a Heldentenor, yet capable of more lyricism than we expect from that type of singer. His version of the *Prize Song* (two verses) is splendidly sung and, in spite of being confined to a ten-inch disc, does not sound hurried. The rendition of the *Lohengrin* air impresses me less favorably, yet it is good.

Heinrich Hensel was born in Neustadt, October 29, 1874 (1879, according to some authorities), studied in Vienna and Milan, and made his debut at Freiburg in 1897. His reputation increased steadily in Germany and in 1910 he was chosen to sing *Parsifal* at Bayreuth. The following year he appeared at Covent Garden in London and at our own Metropolitan in New York, winning enthusiastic reviews from the critics. He was a regular member of the Hamburg Opera from 1911 to 1922. He died in Hamburg on February 23, 1935.



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Orchestra

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 9 in D minor, Opus 125*; played by the Philadelphia Orchestra, direction of Eugene Ormandy, with Stella Roman (soprano), Enid Szan-
tho (contralto), Frederick Jagel (tenor), Nicola Moscona (bass), and the West-

minster Choir. Columbia set M or MM-591, eight discs, price \$8.50.

▲Columbia is to be congratulated on the cleanness and clarity of line which generally prevail in this recording. From the reproductive angle, the set tops all others. Yet, though the clarity of the score is preserved, the reproduction tends to coarseness on occasion; the string tone, that darkly silken timbre, seems less refined particularly in the slow movement, than I remember it in the concert hall.

For many years Columbia has had the best recorded performance of Beethoven's *Ninth* in its catalogue, a performance which was unfortunately marred by blurred recording—I refer to the album made by Felix Weingartner and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra (set 227). Columbia thought so much of this set that it re-released it in April 1944 with a newly designed cover. Despite its blurring and reverberation, Weingartner's performance is admirable for its

musical integrity, and had it been recorded as brilliantly and cleanly as the present set it would be a definite challenge not to be lightly dismissed, despite the more efficient playing of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Mr. Ormandy adopts a straightforward style in his reading of this work. He exploits the fullest orchestral resonance in the climactic passages, and these are most realistically reproduced. His apprehension of the finer and more expressive resources of the score is less persuasive, and the recording engineers have not treated his *pianissimi* too kindly. His playing of the celestial slow movement has not the light and shade in the recording that I am sure he brings to it in the concert hall. His feeling for this movement, though expressive, does not yield the fullness of its "superearthy beauty." What the late Lawrence Gilman used to call Beethoven's affectionate moulding of cantilena in the latter part of the movement has insufficient mobile beauty, which may or may not be due to the comparative lack of refinement of the string tone in the recording.

Mr. Ormandy is happiest in my estimation in the first and last movements, where he can unleash great sonorous passages. The menacing characteristics of the opening movement are given weighty definition; there is a militant force in the direction here, which would have been all the more striking after the ominous quiet of the opening measures had these been softer in the recording. There is admirable precision and clarity of line in the unfolding of the scherzo, but not the torrential sweep of rhythmic energy that others find in this music. I like the way that Ormandy builds up the exultation in the finale; there is strength of purpose and a fine manifestation of manly elation in this performance, though I feel the conductor is often overly concerned with sheer sonority. It is a pity that he did not have a better group of soloists; the quartet in the Weingartner set is greatly preferable. Mr. Mayr may have been an old man, beyond his prime, when he sang in the 1935 performance of Weingartner, but he was steadier vocally and hence more impressive than Mr. Moscona is here. And Luise Helletsgrueber did not dominate the group as Miss Roman does here; moreover she sang with more feeling. The Westminster Choir is an excellent organization, but it could, in my estimation,

stand strengthening on the masculine side; the sopranos frequently dominate here.

I have not discussed Stokowski's recording of the *Ninth* because there was not the regard for Beethoven's intentions that was to be found in the Weingartner set; also I found the singing in English in the last movement unsatisfactory. The Stokowski set, made with the Philadelphia Orchestra, was better recorded, and the quality of tone from that set offers considerable contrast with the sound of the Philadelphia Orchestra in this latest recording.

Those who like realistic orchestral sonorities in reproduction and are less concerned with the fine points of a musical score than with recorded sound will undoubtedly welcome this set. It certainly is tops in this respect. —P.H.R.

SCHUBERT: *Symphony No. 6 in C major* (7 sides); and MOZART: *Eine kleine Nachtmusik, K. 525—Rondo* (1 side); played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra, direction of Sir Thomas Beecham. Victor set M or DM-1014, four discs, price \$4.50.

▲ Sir Thomas has been making a number of new recordings in London since returning to his own country. Since he signed up with Victor in this country, these new recordings will undoubtedly be released in the early future. There is Sir Thomas' performance of Mozart's *Eine kleine Nachtmusik* and a performance of Haydn's *Symphony No. 97 in C major* to look forward to, these have already been released in England. The Rondo from the Mozart work is included here as a filler—but not in the original English set. Beecham's unhurried treatment of this Mozartean piece is so delightful that I hope Victor will not keep us waiting too long for the whole Serenade.

Since the records in my set came broken in part, it is difficult to talk about the work from a personal experience. Looking over the review of my friend W. R. Anderson, in *The Gramophone*, I note his enthusiasm is quite unbounded.

Like his *Fifth Symphony*, Schubert's *Sixth* was composed for his Amateur Society, which, in the spring of 1818, had just removed to new quarters. This symphony seems to have marked a transitional period in symphonic style, he seems to be endeavor-

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ing to get away from the influences of Mozart, Hadyn and Beethoven. We find clarinets, trumpets and drums added to his previous scoring. Anderson finds the work "a charming affair, with an operatic flair about some of its strokes, especially in the first movement, and remembrance of Beethoven's 'wildness' in the opening bars". The slow movement is gentle emotion—pure Schubertian sentiment. The scherzo is a good one. Anderson says "Beethoven's ideas, beyond a doubt, but there are touches of true Schubert"—my broken disc allows only a fragmentary bit of the music which whets my appetite. The finale "keeps the ball in the air with all the old Schubertian ease".

Sir Thomas' performance of this work is one of "gracious distinction", according to our friend. Of course, this sort of music is just Sir Thomas' meat, and he knows how to impart his admiration of such music to his players. I feel certain that record buyers will welcome his bringing us a new slant on Schubert's genius. The recording from the little I heard sounds uncommonly good.

—P.H.R.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER: *Brazil* (Barroso); *Mexican Medley*—*Cielito Lindo* and *La Golondrina*, *La Cumparsita* (Rodriguez, arr. Gould); *Jarabe Tapatío* (Partichela, arr. Gould); *El Rancho Grande* (Ramos); *Tropical* (Gould); *Adios Muchachos* (Sanders, arr. Gould); *El Relicario* (Padilla); played by Morton Gould and his Orchestra. Columbia album M-593, four 10-inch discs, price \$3.50.

▲ These are arrangements that Mr. Gould has already made popular on the air. The performances are not for dancing; one turns to Cougat's recordings of several of the pieces in this set for that. Gould tends to over-elaborate and to be tricky, but he has a stylistic exuberance which a lot of people like. His versatility in imitating the style of our Latin American neighbors is shown in his one original piece in the album, *Tropical*. The realistic quality of the recording will make these discs appealing to all who admire Gould and his arrangements.

—P.G.

Concerto

SCHUMANN: *Concerto in A minor, Op. 54, for Piano and Orchestra*; Played by Claudio

Arrau and the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, direction of Karl Krueger. Victor set M or DM-1009, four discs, price \$4.50.

▲ For some years only one other recording of this popular and ever-delightful concerto has been generally available to record buyers—that by Myra Hess and an unnamed (probably a studio) orchestra conducted by Walter Goehr. Miss Hess's conception of the piano part is on the whole beyond criticism. She enters into the spirit of the music with just the right feeling for the composer's intentions, particularly in the first two movements, but Goehr conducts the inadequate orchestra metronomically and without imagination.

To say that Claudio Arrau's performance is quite on a par with that of Myra Hess is high praise indeed. He, also, has a real feeling for the music; and in addition commands a technique which surpasses even that of the great lady. Perhaps some may object to Arrau's rubatos in the first two movements and might prefer Hess's more orthodox reading, but no one can remain unmoved by the splendid *élan* that he imparts to the finale. Here Hess follows Schumann's metronome speed of 72; whereas Arrau interprets the composer's tempo marking of *Allegro vivace* literally, thus imparting the Schumannian *schwung* so necessary for the successful projection of this movement.

Arrau has the advantage of a real symphony orchestra under the able direction of Karl Krueger. As far as can be judged from the performance of a score which does not make great demands on the players, Mr. Krueger commands an organization which will bear watching. The conductor gives able support to the soloist and seems thoroughly *en rapport* with him. There is perhaps a little too much hall resonance which at times clouds the projection of the score; but the recording remains amazingly lifelike. On the other hand, the orchestral details come out better in the older recording, thanks to the echoless studio. Here, as always in orchestral or choral recording, one must choose between realism and clarity. On the whole, the breaks between sides are more astutely contrived than those in the Hess set.

This concerto was begun in Leipzig in 1841 when Schumann was at the height of his powers, and was completed four years later

during his first year in Dresden. Coming at a time when brilliant display passages for the piano were in vogue, it had to make its way slowly, for the piano part is devoid of empty bravura music. Not since Mozart had a great concerto been written which was free from such dross (with the possible exception of the Third and Fourth of Beethoven). Eventually it became one of the most highly esteemed of concertos, and deservedly so. It exerted a strong influence on Grieg, whose piano concerto resembles it in more ways than one.

It must be added that by some mysterious process a short note (E) in the violins has disappeared from the end of side five. For those to whom this omission will be of no consequence, this set will prove a most worth-while investment. —H.S.G.

Keyboard

BEETHOVEN: *Piano Sonata in F Minor, Op. 57 ("Appassionata")*. Played by Arthur Rubinstein. Victor set M or DM-1018, three discs, price \$3.50.

▲ There have been many gramophonic delineations of this popular sonata in the past, those by Edwin Fischer, Walter Gieseking, Wilhelm Kempff and Rudolf Serkin being the most memorable, and each outstanding in one way or another. At present only the Gieseking recording remains in the catalogue, so a new "*Appassionata*" should be welcome.

To the present reviewer (who has always placed Rubinstein among the few really great pianists of the day) this set comes as a distinct disappointment. The recording engineers have done a superb job, and Rubinstein gives a letter-perfect digital performance, yet this reading is on the whole unsatisfying. There may be some who will approve of the Chopinesque rubatos in the first movement and find nothing wrong with the break-neck speed of the final movement, yet it seems certain that there will be many who will take an opposing stand. But everyone should agree that Rubinstein limns the adagio with a clarity, grace and reverence that goes deep into the consciousness of the listener. Too often the variations sound like mere finger exercises—not so here.

This sonata (the title is not the composer's) was written in 1804 during Beethoven's middle period and was dedicated to Count Brunswick. It is one of Beethoven's grandest and most characteristic works. The brooding passion of the opening movement is unforgettable, while the tranquil adagio and the impetuous and torrential finale offer no let-down in intensity.

The odd side is occupied by the menuet from the Sonata in E Flat, Op. 31, No. 3. —H.S.G.

Voice

BACH-GOUNOD: *Ave Maria*; and SCOTT: *Think On Me*; sung by Lily Pons (soprano), with Orchestra conducted by Pietro Cimara. Columbia 10-inch disc, price 75c.

▲ Miss Pons sings the *Ave Maria* with clear, engaging tone and without emotional stress. Her voice is appealing but the orchestral accompaniment given her is none too good; it lacks clarity of line and the bells are alien to Gounod's intentions, to say nothing of Bach's. Alicia Ann Scott's ballad has no appeal for me; it is a stereotyped song of the vintage

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of the turn of the century. Curiously, Miss Pons' voice is not steady here and her English diction is not too intelligible. The recording is adequate. —P.G.

MOUSSORGSKY: *Boris Godounoff—Farewell and Death; Prayer of Boris*; sung by Alexander Kipnis (bass), with Victor Orchestra and Chorus, conducted by Nicolai Berezhowsky. Victor disc 11-8925, price \$1.00.

▲ This is, of course, the last record from Victor's recent album of *Boris Godounoff*. Kipnis' singing of this noble scene is deeply felt and memorably voiced and the fact that the voice of Boris' son is included makes the continuity of the scene more plausible here than in the recording made by Pinza. The memory of Chaliapin is uncomfortably close, but if anyone now singing the role of Boris before the public shows truer signs of inheriting the mantle of Chaliapin than Kipnis I have not heard him. —P.H.R.

PROKOFIEFF: *Alexander Nevsky*; The Philadelphia Orchestra, with Jennie Tourel (mezzo-soprano) and the Westminster Choir, conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia set M or MM-580, five discs, price \$5.50.

▲ This set arrived too late to meet our deadline; it will be reviewed next month.

BIZET: *Carmen—Chanson du Toréador*; and **ROSSINI:** *Il Barbiere di Siviglia—Largo al factotum*; sung by Leonard Warren (baritone), with Victor Orchestra, conducted by William Tarrasch. Victor disc 11-8744, price \$1.00.

▲ There is more exuberance than subtlety in Mr. Warren's singing. His voice is an unusually weighty one, which, it must be said, he uses with amazing ease. He lacks imagination for a memorable Toréador, but suggests a stalwart fellow who might be able to throw a bull single-handed. Mr. Warren is able to attain all the climaxes that Singher, in his recording of this aria last month, could not quite bring off, but Singher's Toréador was a more subtle fellow and his French more authentic. It is surprising how easily Mr. Warren handles the rollicking aria of Figaro.

He does better with his Italian and points up his phrases with more effect. It is a pleasant surprise to hear a singer render this selection without resorting to falsetto tones, whistles and unnecessary mimicries. Mr. Warren is backed by a good orchestral accompaniment and the recording is live and full. —P.G.

TCHAIKOVSKY: *None But the Lonely Heart*; and *Moscow Cantata—Prayer*; sung by Gladys Swarthout (mezzo-soprano), with Victor Orchestra conducted by Sylvan Levin. Victor 10-inch disc 10-1166, price 75c.

▲ Miss Swarthout has dug up a Tchaikovsky selection we cannot ever remember having heard sung in public. This is the *Prayer*, for mezzo-soprano, from his *Moscow Cantata* which Tchaikovsky was commissioned to write for the coronation of Alexander III in 1883. The composer at this time was hard at work on his opera *Mazeppa*, based on Pushkin's poem, so it is not surprising to find that this *Prayer* has an operatic sweep to it. It is undeniably an effective song both emotionally and dramatically, and Miss Swarthout sings it with smooth tones and impressive dignity. Sylvan Levin points up its operatic characteristics in his orchestral accompaniment more than the singer does in the vocal part. Miss Swarthout gives us a smooth, straightforward rendition of the ubiquitous *None But the Lonely Heart*, an acceptable companion which, being familiar to music lovers, will probably help the *Prayer* to acquire the popularity it deserves. Here, the orchestral accompaniment is less admirable, being a completely trite arrangement, but Mr. Levin cannot be blamed for showing up its banality. Reproduction is splendid. —P.G.

TOSTI: *L'Ultima Canzone*, and *Serenata*; sung by Ezio Pinza (bass) with Gibner King at the piano. Columbia disc 71687-D, price \$1.00.

▲ Tosti's songs are not heard in concert these days as they were in our grandparents' time. Their style is somewhat outmoded, but they still remain, many of them, good songs for students. Almost every great singer of the first three decades of the century in-

cluded these and other Tosti songs in their repertoire. *L'Ultima Canzone* has always been a great favorite of Italian tenors, and *Serenata* has been a similar favorite with sopranos from Dame Nellie Melba's time onward. If Tosti lacked subtlety, he did not lack melody, but his accompaniments were always conventional. Pinza sings the first song with understanding feeling; no one would question its being a love song or the ardor of the lover. The fact that Pinza does not disturb the rhythmic flow of both songs with sought-after effects distinguishes his singing of both selections. There is manly fervor in his *L'Ultima Canzone* and a lilting freedom in his *Serenata*. The latter song seems less well suited to a bass voice, but one nonetheless enjoys Pinza's singing of it. I am glad that the noted basso sang both songs to the original piano accompaniment.

—P.G.

VERDI: *La Forza del Destino*—*Pace, pace mio Dio*; and MASCAGNI: *Cavalleria Rusticana*—*Voi lo sapete*; sung by Zinka Milanov (soprano), with Victor Orchestra, conducted by Frieder Weissmann. Victor disc 11-8927, price \$1.00.

VERDI: *Il Trovatore*—*Miserere*; sung by Zinka Milanov (soprano) and Jan Peerce (tenor), with Victor Chorale and Orchestra, conducted by Frieder Weissmann, and *Il Trovatore*—*Ai nostri monti*; sung by Kerstin Thorborg (mezzo-soprano) and Jan Peerce (tenor), with Victor Orchestra, conducted by Sylvan Levin. Victor disc 11-8782, price \$1.00.

BELLINI: *Norma*—*Mira, O Norma*; sung by Zinka Milanov (soprano) and Margaret Harshaw (contralto), with Victor Orchestra conducted by Frieder Weissman. Victor disc 11-8924, price \$1.00.

▲ These discs are grouped for review because they feature the Yugoslav soprano, Zinka Milanov, in her first operatic recordings made in this country. Her singing here is more appreciable than it was in her album of Southern Slav Songs made for Sonart. Hers is a rich and full-toned soprano voice often revealing a beauty that is haunting, but sometimes she spreads her voice and pushes her upper tones beyond the limits of tonal beauty. In both the *Forza del Destino* and *Cavalleria Rusticana* arias, she shows herself

a singularly gifted dramatic artist but she also allows her vocal plenitude to get the best of her with the result that she loses the finer qualities of her voice. Eva Turner, in her prime, used to do this sort of thing, but she was able to keep a better focus on her tones. It is a pity that Mme. Milanov is not more certain of her vocal method for her voice is naturally one of the great ones of our times, and her singing is often thrilling. She sings the first half of *Pace, pace mio Dio* with memorable beauty of tone, but the latter half finds her tones lacking in security and focus. Her *Voi lo sapete* reveals tonal beauty but not enough emotional intensity.

In the *Miserere*, Milanov's tones are white and unsympathetic. Peerce, on the other hand, gives a manly, straightforward account

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of Manrico's part. The Victor Chorale is much better than any other chorus in a recording of this selection that I have heard.

Thorborg and Peerce give an admirable performance of the duet between Manrico and Azucena. Neither, however, effaces memories of the old Caruso-Homer recording, and Thorborg hardly gives the impression that the old gypsy is nodding when she sings the phrases, "Tu cantari sul tuo liuto"; Homer was more subtle here.

The young contralto Margaret Harshaw reveals a vocal style which is not too certain in the duet from *Norma*; moreover her tonal quality is not sympathetic and she often dominates where she should have blended her voice with that of Milanov's. In the old Ponselle-Telva recording, the contralto was smoother and more expressive. The present disc is better recorded but Milanov does not obliterate memories of Ponselle, and hers and Harshaw's singing of the allegro section of the duet (second side) lacks the spontaneity that we find in the older recording. The life-like reproduction here and the quieter surfaces will undoubtedly appeal to those who cannot tolerate the lack of these elements in the Ponselle-Telva disc; the latter certainly has a disturbing surface noise.

The recording of all of the above deserves a special comment, for Victor has brought a spaciousness to the reproduction and a naturalness of sound which are especially admirable. The orchestral accompaniments are all well played. Levin, of course, is well known for his operatic work on the air (Mutual Broadcasting System), and Weissmann is an old hand at this sort of thing; he has conducted opera for two decades in Europe, South America and this country.

—P.G.

VERDI: *Rigoletto*—*Parmi veder le lagrime* and *La Traviata*—*Sei miei bollenti spiriti*; sung by Jan Peerce (tenor), with Victor Orchestra, conducted by Sylvan Levin. Victor disc 11-8926, price \$1.00.

▲ Exuberance is the keynote of Jan Peerce's singing. The voice is full-bodied, suggesting the dramatic tenor, but actually it lies between the dramatic and the lyric; the Italians have a name for it—spinto. It is the type of voice which, judiciously handled, is heard to advantage in a variety of roles. Stylistically,

Peerce has grown in recent years, and his Italian singing shows authoritative schooling. His conception of Alfredo's aria from *La Traviata* is one of lusty youth. He brings plenty of fervor to his singing but little sentiment; when he repeats Violetta's words "vivere io voglio, io voglio a te fedel", their meaning is not stressed nor is the pianissimo marking of the composer observed. As the Duke, he suggests a vibrant, powerful character. Some tenors go in for more emotionalism in the aria *Parmi veder*, but Peerce is content to exude manly fervor. He does not quite convey the anxiety that Caruso used to bring to the recitative, but here again his characterization is believable. Backed by a live orchestral accompaniment and splendid recording, the illusion of the tenor being in the room with one is created. —P.G.

WAGNER: *Die Walkure*—*So ist es denn aus mit den Ewigen*; and *Tristan und Isolde*—*Brangaene's Warnung*; sung by Blanche Thebom (mezzo-soprano), with Victor Orchestra conducted by Frieder Weissmann. Victor disc 11-8928, price \$1.00.

▲ Miss Thebom is unquestionably one of the most gifted of the younger singers now at the Metropolitan Opera. The idea behind this disc is undoubtedly to give record buyers a chance to assess her abilities as a Wagnerian singer. I find her Brangaene more persuasive than her Fricka. The latter, in my estimation, has always seemed an unsympathetic role and the tessitura of the part is far from grateful to any singer. Miss Thebom picks up at the point where Fricka, the righteous one, bursts out in anger after Wotan's request that she reward Siegmund and Sieglinde with laughter and love. "Is this then an end with the gods and the glory," bursts forth Fricka, and going on in a typically womanly fashion she lays down the law, so to speak, in a passage which one suspects Wotan would have liked to have interrupted. The present recording is an arrangement of Fricka's part, omitting Wotan. It skips some nine pages of the vocal score, after the completion of Fricka's scene, starting as above, and picks up with Bruennhilde's appearance on the heights and permits Fricka to end the scene. Miss Thebom's Fricka has majesty; she sings the music well with care-

ful enunciation of the text, but one feels the music is not easy for her any more than it is for other singers. The best qualities of her voice are not consistently brought out. Quite the opposite is her singing of Brangaene's *Warning*; here she sings with rare restraint and expressive tonal quality. There is almost a note of sadness in her voicing of this music, as though she knew it were hopeless to warn the lovers in the garden of their impending doom.

The orchestral part of these scenes is competently handled by Mr. Weissmann, but the orchestral body is rather thin for Wagner. Mr. Weissmann prefaces the *Warning* with a portion of the preceding love-duet. Remembering Thorborg's rendition of the *Warning*, which was over-amplified and sung with fuller tone, I feel that Thebom's has been better handled and some of the illusion of the opera house preserved; after all Brangaene's *Warning* was never intended as a concert aria, it fits into a scene and the illusion of the singer being at a distance should be preserved, as it is in this recording.

The recording here is so splendidly realistic that one cannot refrain from eulogizing Victor's advance in this field. We are told that the Victor engineers have experimented with microphone placements in order to assure tonal naturalness and spaciousness of sound. The results are something to write home about.

—P.H.R.

WAGNER: *Die Walküre*—Act III (complete recording): sung by Helen Traubel (Bruennhilde), Herbert Janssen (Wotan), Irene Jessner (Sieglinde), Doris Doree, Maxine Stellman, Irene Jessner, Doris Doe, Martha Lipton, Jeanne Palmer, Hertha Glaz, Anna Karkas (Valkyries), with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, direction of Artur Rodzinski. Columbia set M or MM-581, eight discs, price \$8.50.

▲ Columbia's part of the present job is admirable; the recording is splendidly alive and tonally rich and full. There is some confusion in the reproduction of the Valkyries but this has been occasioned by the aim to create the illusion of an actual performance; the Valkyries are here, there and everywhere, and seldom in a central position. In creating an operatic recording with a cast drawn from

the Metropolitan, Columbia has shown wisdom in not using the opera orchestra, and I, for one, am grateful that the tired-sounding Metropolitan chorus did not have to be used. Rodzinski's part in this performance is most praiseworthy; indeed it is he, in my estimation, who does the most consistently admirable work.

Since Bruennhilde and Wotan dominate the third act, the set naturally features Traubel and Janssen. Both artists have many admirable facets to their interpretation of these famous operatic characters. Unfortunately, their singing is not consistently laudable or appealing. Traubel's upper tones are all strident, and one wonders whether this singer was placed in the most advantageous position in relation to the microphone. Her pleading with Wotan lacks the appealing quality which other great interpreters of this role brought to the part. On the other hand, there is nobility in her portrayal, a heroic quality which her large voice permits her to exploit. Hers is a dominant personality largely through physical strength, and this is in keeping with the character. Yet the womanly side of Bruennhilde, the quality of compassion and feminine eloquence is lacking. Traubel is consistently the athletic Valkyrie, a War-Maiden whom we can imagine seated astride of a great stallion, riding with daring yet certainty.

Janssen's Wotan has majesty, strength of purpose and deep feeling. There have been

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other Wotans who have run the emotional gamut of the god's character with more telling effect; Janssen's voice is not quite big enough to exploit the god's anger in the first portion of the act with overpowering effect, nor is it steady enough to achieve the most memorable utterance of the more eloquent side of the character; the latter part of his *Farewell*, beginning with "Der Augen leuchtendes Paar", is tonally unsteady, yet the deep pathos of the scene is felt and conveyed.

Irene Jessner's Sieglinde is hardly more than adequate; her joyful reply, after Bruennhilde tells her she will be the mother of Siegfried, the greatest of heroes, lacks the emotional fervor that other great Sieglindes have shown. This is one of the great moments in the third act, when Wagner makes a most telling use of his motif, Redemption of Love, which does not appear again until the end of the *Dusk of the Gods*.

The various Valkyries, sung by young singers from the Metropolitan, are all competent, and their work in that wild scene which opens the act, where they are supposedly riding through the storm and later assembling on the rocky heights, is appropriately handled by the recorders. But, all in all, when we come down to the end of the recording, it is the work of Rodzinski and the fine playing of the Philharmonic Orchestra which endures in the memory. To have a large orchestra like this in an operatic act from Wagner is something to rejoice over. One can only conjecture the cost of such an undertaking and congratulate Columbia on not sparing the expense. Whatever the shortcomings of any of the artists assembled here, they nevertheless represent the best of our talent now singing Wagner in the Metro-

politan Opera House, and their right to the assumption of their separate roles is recognized by a large body of opera enthusiasts. Further, the need for such a performance of the third act of *Die Walkure* has existed too long for one to be completely captious about the results obtained here; indubitably the majority will find this set a laudable achievement. It is in every way as praiseworthy an endeavor as the complete recording of the second act; that it does not rise to the heights of the complete recording of the first act is understandable, for that recording remains among the most cherishable sets in the annals of recorded opera.

—P.H.R.

DRAMA

RALPH ROSE: *Robin Hood*; performed by Basil Rathbone with supporting cast. Columbia set M or MM-583, four discs, price \$4.50.

▲ This set arrived too late to meet our deadline; it will be reviewed next month.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 Of The American Record Guide published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1945—State of New York, County of Westchester ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Peter Hugh Reed, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor and publisher of The American Record Guide and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Peter Hugh Reed, 115 Reed Ave., Pelham 65, N.Y.; Editor, Peter Hugh Reed, 115 Reed Ave., Pelham 65, N.Y.; Managing Editor, Paul Girard, 115 Reed Ave., Pelham 65, N.Y.; Business Managers, Walter C. Elly, In Service. 2. That the owner is: Peter Hugh Reed. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiants' full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Peter Hugh Reed. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of October 1945. James J. Marks, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1946.)

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THE AMERICAN RECORD GUIDE

115 Reed Ave.

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JULY, 1945

Vol. XXXI, No. 3

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